

Norwich Bulletin and Gazette

117 YEARS OLD.

Subscription price, 12c a week, 60c a month, \$6.00 a year.

Entered at the Postoffice at Norwich, Conn., as second-class matter. Telephone Office, 480. Bulletin Business Office, 35-3. Bulletin Editorial Room, 35-2. Bulletin Job Office, 35-2. Willimantic Office, Room 2, Murray Building, Telephone 210.

Norwich, Saturday, Aug. 9, 1913.

The Circulation of The Bulletin

The Bulletin has the largest circulation of any paper in Eastern Connecticut, and from three to four times larger than that of any in Western. It is delivered to over 2,000 of the 4,523 houses in Norwich, and read by ninety-three per cent. of the people. In Windham it is delivered to over 900 houses, in Putnam and Danbury to over 1,000, and in all of these places it is considered the local daily. Eastern Connecticut has forty-five towns, one hundred and sixty-five postoffice districts, and sixty rural free delivery routes. The Bulletin is sold in every town and on all of the R. F. D. routes in Eastern Connecticut.

CIRCULATION

1901, average.....4,412

1905, average.....5,920

Week ending Aug. 2, 8,499

Have The Bulletin Follow You

Readers of the Bulletin leaving the city for the seashore, mountains, rural resorts or Europe can have the Bulletin follow them daily and keep in touch with home affairs. Orders should be placed with The Bulletin Business Office.

OUR PRACTICAL VICE PRESIDENT

Vice President Marshall is a disciple of activity instead of an exponent of vocal sounds. When he opens his mouth he says something, when other people simply enunciate words. At the dedication of a vocational training school in Illinois the other day he said: "Too many persons who see the sign 'P. C.' in the heavens think it means 'Preach Christ' when it means 'Play Corn.' Because of this, he pointed out 'a vast army of persons whose labors would make for the industrial advancement of the nation, have conceived themselves as being the fabled nobler pursuits, and thus the progress they would have made in the work they are fitted for is lost.' It is through such misinterpretations of signs as this that good farmers become poor preachers; and that the attempt is so often made to drive a square peg through a round hole. What the world needs is men who plow, who plant, who plan, and by their practical works they are made better preachers.

THE DOLLAR SAVED.

The dollar saved is the mark of success. James J. Hill in an address said: "If you want to know whether you are destined to be a success or a failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will lose. You may think not, but you will lose as sure as you live. The seed of success is not in you."

The dollar is not the whole thing; it is only the evidence of the ability to save, to exercise the self-control and the self-denial to do little things until in the aggregate you are forced and the world is forced to recognize that you have done something great. Saving the dollar is simply cultivating quality—gathering the power which bespeaks for you prudence and superior manhood.

To trip the dollar for the dollar's sake alone is miserly, is dwarfing. The dollar-saving power has many attributes which recognized ennoble the human soul and make it a power for good work of every kind. The ability to get the dollar develops the ability to get and to do other good things.

BE A PUSHER.

It is easier to be a grumbler than a builder. It takes mental ability to plan, while any man can growl on a sour stomach. In municipal government the pusher is the force and the fault-finder the check in every direction. What every city needs for its advancement is as many pushers as possible and as few checkers. Manufacturers who are seeking a location for a business are strongly impressed by the spirit of the people. The facilities for getting raw material and for shipping goods, the abundance of labor and the wage rates, the price of land and power and the tax rate and the tax rate must all make a favorable impression. In this age of strenuous competition everything must be right that it may be successfully met, and it cannot be right unless the people of a city are alive, just and fair. It is the spirit and policy of a community which work together to make a place inviting for business, and it is up to every citizen to do his part.

Ambassador Wilson should not be blamed if he remembers President Wilson as the man with bad manners. A kind handshake or a kind smile would have done him good.

The ten fishermen on Chicago's Lake Michigan are equal in various ways to twenty of the boys in men's clothes. No woman should be expected to equal a man for winking at vice.

The first claim for cold storage was that it would chop food products; but now with sixty-five million pounds of butter in its grasp it makes winter prices for summer butter.

Quick trips and low fares to the Meadon park would pay at this season of the year.

FOOLS AND THEIR MONEY.

Kansas is calling for 20,000 harvest hands, and will doubtless get them; and she will harvest her crop, and most of the money she pays to this floating army of workers. They are followed by a smaller army of harvesters, who sow not, neither do they spin, but on Saturday night they meet the spendthrifts, who usually think they are sports, and with rat-poles and whiskey, marked cards and loaded dice, skin the workers out of their week's earnings. This is not only the case in Kansas, but everywhere. The industrial army is shadowed by the harvesters, who follow them, as the sailors, poker joints and dives everywhere bear witness. It takes a man to earn money, and it takes more of a man to make a wise use of it. It is the case of those who are so easily victimized. "Fools and their money are soon parted."

THE SONGS WE SING.

It is affirmed as a fact that the songs that are being sung today are more vulgar than the ultra-fashion which are being so fiercely criticized, and they prepare the mind for the immorality which shocks decent people.

A magazine writer inquires of parents "if they know the songs their daughters are singing." The chances are that they do not. If the music is pleasing, little attention is given to the words which are corrupting and degrading the minds of the people. Young and old alike are absorbing with great glee the vulgar sentiments which make the turkey trot, tango, and what are termed "physical dances" possible and popular.

The world has had too much of this ragtime—ragtime in words, in dress, in dance, in music and in behavior. The big cities are chasing it out and making decent people ashamed to indulge in it or listen to it. Ragtime is vulgar, and the war upon it should be persistent. Decency and it cannot live together.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mexico has ordered the missionaries out! Is there anything that Mexico needs more?

The man in the beaver hat says: "You can't judge a trolley conductor by the way he takes your nickel."

If September gets as Octoberish as August is getting Septemberish, there will be little hope for the gardens.

Time changes almost everything, but the old front gate is a vesting place doesn't lose its charm or grip.

A beauty doctor tells her patients that Nature knows her business, and still they keep going to the doctor and giving up good money.

With free speech pouring into the senate, free sugar does not mind, for it feels the count has been made and that nothing is uncertain.

There were ninety-four thousand Englishmen who came to live under the Stars and Stripes last year. There is more to live for under our flag.

A Pennsylvania man was struck by lightning and has ceased to be a rheumatic invalid. As a sure cure this is not likely ever to become popular.

It is prophesied that in ten years steaks will be as dear as jewelry and no easier to obtain. Embalmed steak may then be worn as a watch chain.

Russia and England decline to respond to our invitation to take part in the Panama canal celebration. It is not of sufficient importance to them.

When a city is boasting of its attractions, it mentions its parks, schools, churches and manufactures, and forgets to speak of its gimmicks. Why?

A pound and a quarter of chocolate may be as nourishing as a bushel of wheat, but it doesn't take half as long to eat it. Tabloid food mars the joy of eating.

If you get to dodging in the street the chances are that you are dodging a going to kill you or not. Go right about your business, and give him his opportunity.

The Germans must be pleased to think they voted for the democrats. German books are now listed to pay 15 per cent. duty, but they came in scot free under Taft.

WATCH YOUR STEP!

BY THE CONDUCTOR

The Japanese Question.

"I been waiting to see what all this row 'bout Japan is comin' to. Seems to me them Japs went off half cocked, an' all th' United States kept hollerin' at 'em like she was a big boy beatin' a little one. Californy's all right. Hain't we got a treaty with 'em Japs? I heard Judge Dyckman say on my car th' other day we had a treaty with 'em that says in black and white them brown men can't vote in America. They agreed to that, judge says. An' all Californy is doin' is to say 'Nobdy that can't vote can't be a raspberry patch.' She ain't sayin' she don't mean that. But it ain't up to Californy to walk th' floor. If them Japs want to pay taxes on alfalfa beds an' garden dirt, they don't want to jump on Californy; they ought to jump on the ginks that wrote their treaty when me an' you was boys. If them Jap politicians didn't have nerve enough to get what they wanted years ago, they can't blame Californy for it. An' they ain't gonna be no war, neither. Bill Bryan says they ain't. An' he and Woody braced up an' told them Japs to quit raggin' th' umpire or they'll get sent to th' bench.

Ever since Japan licked Russia up an' down lookin' for somebody to lick, Russia didn't have nothin' but old tin teakwood for battle ships, but her jacks got so sea sick they couldn't stick a knife in their mouths at supper time. Then before that Japan licked a lot of Chinese laundry fellers out in a ferryboat. Might as well shoot a bunch of crippled ladies at a quilting bee. No, sir; them Japs got to get a reputation 'fore we lay awake nights plannin' what we'll do with 'em when we catch 'em. All our pails is full now.

"Come along, come along, please!" "Jump on! We gonna leave 'fore next week!" "Watch your step!"

To Carry Wireless.

The expedition which left New York on July 2nd to explore the Arctic continent known as Crocker Land is to carry with it a powerful wireless telegraph. The wireless apparatus will be installed on the north side of Baffin Bay. This will enable the expedition to keep in touch with civilization and it will also permit of expert aid with directed Hertzian waves under the local climatic conditions of the Arctic.

THE MAN WHO TALKS

Has it occurred to you that God's out-of-doors and our out-of-doors are the same; and that the beautiful summertime is when the finite and the infinite come into closer communion. Diety is expressed in the storm, as well as in the calm, and in both he appeals to the human soul. The lakes and streams are God's mirrors, and in them he sees the reflection of his own beauty which inspires man in part in and of himself. The eye is quickened by the spirit which recognizes beauty in any form. The love of the beautiful becomes a second nature to those who have eyes to see, and the beauty of God's goodness looms above all, for it is God.

William, I think I know the underdog when I see him. I have been that dog myself. Of course, we all have our gloomy moments, and at this point of touch should be the point of rescue. When the underdog is really the shadow of the yellow dog sometimes fits across my mind. When a man is in the market for a dog, no lifeline, the light is on. This is not the time to let go, the struggle must be to the finish whatever that may be. It is level headed resolution that is necessary to prevent the worst, and all do not possess it—more might. It is not wise to say fall when the underdog is in the market for a dog. You drop one thing and take up another, it always does you good to pay a hundred cents on your dollar. You have to do it in dollar instalments. The underdog shouldn't look for sympathy—he better pray for vim.

The vainly ambitious are always unhappy because they lack the true foundations of character. Do not expect too much of people who put their hearts upon money or position, for these are not the treasures that last—they are what help fill the world with the cheerful and the cheerful. Some vain souls and daughters cut out their poor parents when they become rich or distinguished because in their class they are not the same. They are not the old friends are not the best friends, but such are new friends. They recognize a few people who tickle their ears and flatter their vanity with special attention. Julius defined vanity as "a venial error which often carries with it its own punishment." People who spurn love and friendship, putting a wrong estimate upon life and all it holds in store for them. They cannot spurn what is due them.

There are a lot of persons who have nothing better to nurse than grievances, and they nurse them with a profitable employment. The ordinary grievance comes nearer to being the ghost of nothing than any other thing. People who nurse grievances are as silly as wearing a burr in back of your neck for fear you'll forget that is a tender spot. Our grievances are mostly our own making. We imagine and the more we nurse them the longer and more annoying they become. Giving attention to grievances begets prejudices and stir up meanness of which a Christian should be ashamed. This is a splendid foundation for discontent which is the top-rope of grouches. The grievance should be under the ban because it has no connection with anything that is good, but creates evil conditions. It isn't necessary to have grievances.

Do not think your friends are peculiar, but become aware of the fact that you are. Life never will go as you want it, or expect it to. It is up to us to take every one as they appear to us, and to attempt to improve ourselves on no one. There are many things in everyday life we cannot account for, so we need not try. There are many things we should overlook in others, and hope others will overlook in us. There are no perfect men or women. We all go blundering through life day by day, more or less. Half the so-called offenses were never intended and those who have no desire to offend their acquaintances cannot help it; and it means trouble if you insist. Take the correct view of life and you will not have half as many jags and jolts to take home.

Some eminent men are telling how they earned their first dollar and what they did with it, and I notice they were well into their teens, or with their furniture. Warehouses dashed to pieces added their contents to the debris, while the bodies of many animals were

Do you possess a Bible, or does the Bible possess you? The ownership of a Bible doesn't make a man better, but knowledge of the principles which makes the book divine does. Some people do not know what they do without their Bible, who have no idea of what a treasure house it is; and who are unconscious of the fact that all the Bible ever has been, is, and will be, the word which has become life and light in them. To own a great book and to be ignorant of its practical value is not good sense or good economy. For a waste of money and a display of idleness which is indefensible. How can any one believe in the word in the Bible who does not know one hundredth part of what it contains. To first learn the Golden Rule and have it possess you, is better than to have the most costly Bible just for the book's sake and your own vanity.

The person who cannot write poetry in Japan goes to the illiterate class; but the person who does write poetry in America is usually regarded as being weak in the upper story. Himself, a poet declared "poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the soul in its best moods," but Edward Burke, who was a statesman said poetry is the art of substantiating shadows and of lending existence to nothing. While Shakespeare did not hesitate to say: "poetry and consumption are the most flattering of diseases." The fact is he who has not the poetic mind who is incapable of recognizing beauty of expression is incapable of defining poetry. There are too many people who feel they are poets when they are not; and there are writers who make no pretense who are true poets. Words that jingle do not make poetry, for that is made up of "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

The Boss Insister. "Does your wife want a vote?" "She wants two," replied Mr. Meekton; "mine and hers."

Assaults on the electric tramway have been inaugurated.

CAUGHT IN THE FLOOD

(Written Specially for The Bulletin.)

Direful stories have been told us of the destruction of life and property caused by the floods at the West, and to many an Eastern home came sad news of loss of relatives and property. The truth will never be known in many cases so completely was all means of identity destroyed. Rich and poor were served alike, for in many places the entire city or town was overwashed by the deluge of water and mud. Fortunate indeed were they who dwelt on high ground, and there escaped in part the disasters of lower levels, but to all it was a dreadful experience, entailing endless misery and woe.

In one of the flood-swept towns dwelt Jacob Hamilton and his mother. A skilled mechanic and entirely trustworthy, the man easily commanded a fine salary, and gained for his mother and himself a comfortable home and good income. Although he had reached middle life, he had never married, and devoted himself to his mother, who was now well advanced in years, and enfeebled in health. This quietly and happily their lives were closely united in the past, and from the midst of their tangle came the cry of a little child in distress. Close inspection of the small form, and within reach from his roof, Jerry rushed to the roof, and quickly grasped the little, which proved to be a girl not much more than an infant.

The man was always fond of children, but how to care for this one was a puzzle to him. Her clothing was torn into shreds by the clinging branches, and she was exhausted with the cold and exposure of the night. A brisk fire restored some warmth and life, and the woolen shirt which he had on provided the most available garment at hand. The next thing was food for the little one. This sent him foraging in the rooms below, where he found some cans of condensed milk, and a tin of sweetened corn. He heated over the lamp they furnished food for the baby, who showed her gratitude by reviving enough to cry "goo" and beg for more. Rolling her in a blanket he laid her down in a place of safety, and took another survey of the out-doors world.

So busy had he been with the child he had not noticed that the water was no longer rising, but now he found to his relief it had receded a little. Evidently the worst was over from that source. The fire, too, had turned from his direction and he no longer feared for his own home, which apparently was one of the few left in his vicinity.

Finally hands removed and cared for the lifeless form of his mother, and offered to take the child to other care. "This last Jacob refused, saying: "I claimed I had nothing left to live for. Providence has sent me a care, and I'll not give it up at present."

"But how can you care for a baby girl? It will be impossible for you." "I'll try it, anyway for a while," was

to be seen floating among the wreckage. To add to the horror of the scene, fires had broken out here and there, and those who survived were subjected to a double danger. It was those who survived, for a floating form now and then told of the loss of human life in many cases.

As soon as possible, rescue parties were formed to convey the sufferers to places of greater safety. Many clinging to their roofs were saved in this way, and many of them, forgetting their own distress helped to rescue others. One such party called to Jacob Hamilton to avail himself of the chance of escape, but he refused to go.

Telling them of his mother's death, he said, "No, I'll stay with the house. I have nothing to live for, and, if the house goes I'll go with it. Go on, and help others, and leave me to my fate." Nothing would change his decision, they were forced to let him have his own way, and help others who needed their assistance.

Descending upon the stream he saw a mass of trees and debris floating, and evidently headed for his house. He awaited the crash, which he felt was inevitable, with a degree of satisfaction in the thought that he and his mother would not be long separated. A little change in the direction of the current, however, sent only the tree tops against the house, and from the midst of their tangle came the cry of a little child in distress. Close inspection of the small form, and within reach from his roof, Jerry rushed to the roof, and quickly grasped the little, which proved to be a girl not much more than an infant.

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the reply. "If I find it is too much, I'll let you know." And well did he discharge the duty. He tried to teach the little one to call him Uncle Jacob but that was too much for her. Daddy was the only word she could say and Daddy Jay became her title for him and he seemed to like it. Her own name could not be learned, but Elizabeth was his mother's name, and this he gave to her. So she was soon known as Elizabeth Hamilton, and people quit laughing at Jacob, as they noticed his faithful care for the child and the comfort she was bringing to him.

He evidently had transferred his devotion from his mother to the child, and was the happier for the interest she put into his life. Truth to tell his heart went out to her from the time her tiny hand clung to his clumsy finger as she looked up into his face with a grateful "Goo Goo."

Enabled soon to regain the position formerly held, he bravely went on with his life, which was brightened by the love lavished upon him by the child who he sometimes called his bit of driftwood.

AN IDLER.

SUNDAY MORNING TALK

CHAINED LIONS.

At one point in his journey Bunyan's Pilgrim was sorely frightened by some lions that blocked his forward path. The chains that held the huge beasts and wholly restrained their power to hurt he could not see. Hence his distress of mind. He is not the only traveler who has fallen down in terror before distant dangers that became harmless when viewed at close range.

The troubles hardest to bear are those that never come at all. Apprehension saps us of more strength than the overcoming of difficulties that are actual and present. People going through life, in dread of each tomorrow, saying continually: "What if—this or that should happen!" are really to be pitied.

To those of naturally buoyant and sanguine temperaments the fears of the naturally apprehensive seem foolish. These optimistic people are ready with their good advice. They tell us we should never cross the bridge until we come to it; that we should never trouble trouble till

trouble troubles us. It is easier said than done—by one with a vivid imagination and a worrying disposition. One may be fortified against unwelcome fears in the first place, through exercise of the will and one of the reasoning faculties. The unreasonable and even the absurdity of many of our misgivings will be apparent when we give the matter serious attention.

It is related of "Stonewall Jackson" that, once during a battle in a drenching thunderstorm, a courier rode up to inform him that the cartridges in General Lawton's command had become wet, that the troops were thereupon without ammunition. The general must abandon his position.

Hardly had the messenger ceased speaking before Gen. Jackson turned about and said to the courier: "Return to General Lawton and tell him that if his ammunition is wet and his troops are without fire, neither can the enemy; tell him to hold his position."

The exercise of calm judgment would discover that the guns of many an enemy in this life campaign are spiked in much the same way. Evils that loom potentially on the horizon prove powerless to hurt when we come to close quarters with them. Obstacles that throw black shadows on the path dissolve in light as we approach nearer.

In few ways may a trouble-borrowing disposition show greater moral heroism than in conquering dark anticipations. The attainment of a calm and restful habit of mind in a victory as great as that of Tennyson's noble friend, who, as the poet said: Faced the specters of the mind And laid them.

But the supreme and radical cure for the disease of apprehensiveness will never be found save in religious faith. Faith in God as the Power who controls events that come into our lives is the only remedy. No other philosophy will suffice to conquer fear and to pluck up worry by the root.

"I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me." When one can say that with conviction he is clad in impenetrable mail. The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune cannot wound him in any vital part. The unknown tomorrow is robbed of terror while he sings with Whittier:

"I know not where His islands lift Their fringed palms in air I only know I cannot drift Beyond His love and care."

THE PARSON

Siam has established a government savings bank.

The Maurice Sample Shop

\$9.95 SUITS were **\$42.50**
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